

THE
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CANTO V.

AND LAST.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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L O N D O N :

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A R G U M E N T.

The humane Petition of the PRINCESS ROYAL—His M——y's rebukeful Reply, full of Grandeur, and favourable to the Wig interest—The PRINCESS retires—As sublime a Comparison as ever entered the head of man, as ADDISON said of his Angel-simile in his famous and long-forgotten Campaign—The PRINCESS AUGUSTA petitioneth with equal success—A most beautiful Comparison also on the occasion—The BARD again addresseth the MUSE—The COOKS turn rank Cowards, as well as their Wives and Daughters, overpowered by the Blaze of MAJESTY, and a golden Coat—A Bible Simile—A sensible Exclamation of the POET, on the unexpected Cowardice of the Cooks—A fine West-Indian Comparison—The POET pathetically mourneth over the gradual Decay of ROYALTY—The impudent and foolish Speech of the Mob in regard to ROYALTY and the GREAT—The POET's short and judicious Reflexion on the Speech of the MOB—The COOK-MAJOR's pathetic Speech to the KING—MADAM SCHWELLENBERG most scornfully and angrily replieth to the COOK-MAJOR's Speech—Another GREAT LADY's Speech, composed of less acrimony than MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's—His M——y adviseth the Cooks to be quietly shaved, and promiseth them Wigs gratis—DAME AVARICE remonstrateth to M——y on the folly of the Present of Wigs, with strong and economical reasons—DAME AVARICE abuseth some of the QUALITY; and applaudeth her M——y for the many instances of her saving Powers—His M——y becometh a Convert to the Speech of DAME AVARICE—The POET's fine Reflexion on Generosity—His M——y ordereth the Cooks to be seated for the SHAVE—The K—— speaketh Marvels in favour of Majesty—Deep Reflexions of the POET on AMBITION, with the various Examples of her Power—The COOKS at length submit to be shaved—An American Comparison on the occasion, perhaps not pleasing to certain GREAT PEOPLE!—The POET addresseth the MUSE on the want of a Battle, so necessary to an EPIC POEM—The POET, glorying

in Honour, refuseth to make a Battle where there was none ; proclaiming at the same time his ability, were a Battle necessary—His M——y exulteth in his Victory over the Cooks—His M——y endeavoureth to prove by assertion the Property of the LOUSE—Also the Certainty of its being a real Louse, by his great acquaintance with Natural History—The K—, in his great justice, sheweth the little ANIMAL, by way of conviction—The POET exhibiting biblical and classical Knowledge in an Account of Animals that have spoken, in order to reconcile the Reader's revolting mind to the Speech of the LOUSE—The LOUSE speechifieth, and giveth a wonderful History of Himself, his Family, and Misfortune—LOUSE proveth the superior Antiquity of his RACE to that of KINGS—The K—, in wrath, giveth LOUSE the lie, and endeavoureth his destruction—ZEPHYR, trembling at his danger, suddenly beareth him off to the celestial Region ; and, after twice changing his mind, converteth him into a STAR, discovered soon after by the Great DOCTOR HERSCHELL, and his Spy-Glass, which, in compliment to his MAJESTY, the DOCTOR baptized the GEORGIUM SIDUS!!!

T H E

L O U I S I A D.

C A N T O V.

Now, with the sweetest lips that love inspire,

The PRINCESS ROYAL thus address'd her — :

“ O Sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r—

“ Restrain your fury from your people's hair :

“ A thousand blessings will their mouths bestow,

“ And ev'ry heart with gratitude o'erflow :

B

“ For

“ For *such* a vict’ry, who would give a fig ?

“ Pray, Sir, don’t make them wear a nasty wig.”

Such sounds, so sweet, nay so divinely broke,

As might have mollified the sturdy oak,

Were doom’d, in vain, on royal ears to fall !

Yet *Music* drove the Devil out of *Saul* !

To HER the ——, with most astonish’d eyes,

And furly wrinkled brows so stern, replies :

“ What, what ? not shave ’em, shave ’em, now they’re
caught ?

“ What ! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought* ?

“ No, no, girl ; no, girl ; no, girl ; no, girl—no—

“ Beg on till doomsday, girl—it shan’t be so.

“ How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray, look ?

“ People would swear I could not shave a *Cook*.

“ You

" *You* call wigs *nasty*, Miss? Fine speech, indeed!

" Don't, don't you see I've one upon my head?

" Go back, go back, Miss PERT," he bluntly cried;

Then with his elbow push'd the nymph aside:

Although he did not box her lovely ears,

He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful — the MAID withdrew,

And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.

Thus when the virgin MORN her blushes spreads,

And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;

Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,

The furly BOREAS gathers ev'ry cloud;

Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling East,

And blot the lustre of her crimson vest:

From

From pole to pole extends the black'ning band ;

Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command :

In tears she moves away, the heav'nly MAID,

And leaves him Monarch of the mighty shade.

Now o'er his lofty shoulder, with a sigh,

The fair AUGUSTA cast a pitying eye ;

And whisper'd, ah ! so soft, so sweet a pray'r,

To save from razor-rage the heads of hair !

When lo, the —- !

“ What, *you* too, Miss, petition for a knave ?

“ You, you, too, Miss, an enemy to *shave* ?”

Mute was the Maid ; when lo, with modest looks,

Distress'd, she shrunk away from —- and Cooks :

Thus, o'er a should'ring cloud the MOON so bright
 Oft gives a peep of momentary light ;
 Much as to say, " I wish my smiles to grant,
 " To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't."
 Sing, heav'nly GODDESS, how the COOKS behav'd,
 Who swore they'd all be d—n'd ere they'd be shav'd ;
 Who penn'd to MAJESTY the bold petition,
 And daring fum'd with rebel opposition !

Cow'd, cow'd, alas ! the Lords of faucepans feel—
 Each heart so val'rous funk into the heel :
 And then, each threat'ning Amazonian Dame,
 Her spirit drooping, and extinct her flame—
 For lo, of —— the pow'rful blaze,
 His coat's bright gold, and eyeball's rolling gaze,

Just like the light that cover'd sad SAINT PAUL,

Flash'd on their visages, and smote them all !

Who could have thought that things would thus have
ended ?

FATE seemingly a dreadful crash intended !

Such stately resolution in the Cooks,

Such fierce demeanour in their spouses looks !

But thus in Western India Jove ordains

At times an aspect wild of hurricanes :

Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning red :

All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead—

Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,

Expectant of the tempest's mighty will :

Tremendous pause ! when lo, by small degrees,

Light melts the mass ; with life returns the breeze ;

And DANGER, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,
 Moves fullen with his threat'ning glooms away.

There Royalty succeeded ; but, alas !
 In foreign climes this gold will scarcely pass.
 Sorry am I indeed, and griev'd to hear,
 That Royalty is falling from its sphere ;
 WAR's mighty *first-rate* dwindling to a *skiff* ;
 The knees of ADORATION waxing stiff,
 That bent so pliantly to *folk* of State—
 Cock-turkey GRANDEUR verging to his fate.

But thus exclaims the Mob :— “ In folly far,
 “ Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling star,
 “ And fancied thunder, all so dread, ador'd,
 “ The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord ;

“ The

- " The lightning his swift vengeance—never dreaming
 " That mortals, ever poring, ever scheming,
 " Should find that in a phial they should lock it,
 " And bear Heav'n's vengeance in their breeches pocket.
 " See France ! lo, HOMAGE much has lost her awe,
 " And *blushes* now to kiss the LION's paw :
 " Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade)
 " Emp'rors and thrones of *like* materials made ;
 " Nay, fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink)
 " That subjects have a right to *speak* and *think* ;
 " Revileth ——, for praise and wonder born ;
 " Calleth crowns *fool caps*, that their heads adorn ;
 " And sacred sceptres, which we *here adore*,
 " *Mean picklocks* for the houses of the *Poor*.—

" Thus

“ Thus CURIOSITY no longer springs,

“ And wide-mouth'd WONDER gapes no more at Kings.”

Heavens ! if EQUALITY all ranks confounds,

No more shall we be whistled to like hounds ;

FREEDOM will talk to Kings in dauntless tone,

And female MAJESTY be just *plain* JOAN !

Now taking courage to his honest breast,

His hand the MAJOR energetic press'd ;

Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,

He thus address'd the —— with a sigh :—

“ O —— ! you've call'd me an old fool, to whine :

“ But I'm not *old*—still many a year is mine ;

“ So white, as though from *Time*, my temples grow,

“ INGRATITUDE's cold hand hath form'd their snow—

“ Grief dims these eyes, and whitens every hair ;

D

“ And

- “ And, lo, my wrinkles are the tracks of *care* !
 “ To tread LIFE’s wild, unwounded by a thorn,
 “ Was ne’er the lucky lot of woman-born.
 “ Man should be kind to man, O best of —,
 “ And try to blunt the ills that NATURE brings ;
 “ Not bid the cup of bitterness o’erflow,
 “ And to her thousands add *another* woe.
 “ Ah ! if a *trifle* can a smile employ,
 “ How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy !
 “ How faint of happiness the scatter’d ray,
 “ That cheers of life, alas ! the little day ;
 “ While CARE and SORROW’s imp-like host invade,
 “ And fill a fighting universe with shade !
 “ Then bid your noble indignation cease,
 “ And suffer our poor locks to rest in peace.”

He ended.—Now, with scorn so keen inspir'd,
 And anger, uninvited, undefir'd,
 Did MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, devoid of grace,
 O'er the ——'s shoulder poke her cat-like face;
 And thus: " Mine Got den—vat a saucy vretch!
 " How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
 " Bring him de polepit—dat he fal be pote in—
 " JAN beat de Mettodiesses all as notin."

Now spoke the SPOUSE of our most *glorious* ——,
 Who deem'd a louse a very nasty thing;
 For *folk* of Strelitz are so neat and clean,
 They think on vermin with abhorrent mien!
 For cleanliness so much in Strelitz thrives,
 Folks never saw a louse in all their lives.

" Mine

“ Mine Gote ! ’mong men an women, an de boys,

“ Dis shave indeed make very pretty noise !

“ Goote Gote ! make rout about a leetel hair !

“ Wig be de fashion—DIXON, take de shair—

“ Sheet down, and don’t make hubbub shuft like pig :

“ Dere’s noting terrible about a wig.

“ Mine Gote ! de tremblin fellow seem afred,

“ As if we put a tiger ’pon his head—

“ De *Ladies* now wear wig upon der crown ;

“ So sheet you down, JAN DIXON, sheet you down.

“ Cook tell his —- and —- he von’t be shave !

“ Egote ! de Englis don’t know how behave !

“ Let Cook fay so in Strelitz, ah ! mine Gote !

“ Dere would be foldiers dat would cut der troat.

“ You

“ You know dat King an Queen, you rebel, JAN,

“ Can cut your head off in a moment, man—

“ Lord ! den, you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,

“ An only cut off goote-for-notin hair.

“ You know dat in our history you read,

“ How King of Englund cut off subjects head !”—

Now filence broke the —: “ Sit down, fit down !

“ Come, come, let every barber take his crown ;

“ I’ll show some mercy, t’ye, ye nasty pigs ;

“ For mind, mind, mind, I’ll *pay* for all the wigs !”

At these last words, forth crawl’d an ANCIENT DAME,
Sharp-nos’d, half starv’d, and AVARICE her name ;

With wrinkled neck, and parchment-like to view,

That e’en the coarsest kerchief seldom knew ;

E

With

With hawk-like eyes that glisten'd o'er her gold,
 And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treasure told ;
 Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair,
 And with a garter filletted her hair ;
 Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
 An atom of brown sugar from the flies ;
 Made a fad candle from a dab of fat,
 And stole a stinking fishhead from a cat ;
 Saves of the mustiest bread the crumbs, and sees
 A dinner in the *scrapings* of a cheese :
 Whiffing a stump of pipe, a frequent treat,
 That gives the stomach smoke, poor thing, for meat :—
 Forth hobbled this old Dame, with shaking head,
 Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—

The

The Palace-watch, and guardian most severe

Of drops of dying and of dead small-beer :

A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,

And trembled at a rompus of the rats ;

Nay, listen'd, jealous of a scratching mouse,

Afraid the imp might swallow the whole house :

The province hers, to sell old palace shoes,

Old hats, old coats, and breeches to the Jews ;

And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,

The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd Poor :

The Dame who bade the great SIR FRANCIS sell

The sacred Pulpit, and the good old Bell !*

Forth

* SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately disposed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nutwell, in Devonshire, built by his immortal ancestor. The annual interest of four shillings was too fascinating to be withstood !

Forth hobbled SHE, and, in a quick shrill tone,

Thus to the King of Nations spoke the Crone:—

“ God blefs us, Sir, why give me leave to fay,

“ Your —— is throwing things away !

“ What ! give the fellows wigs for every head !

“ A piece of rare extravagance indeed !

“ Let them *buy* wigs *themselves*, a dirty crew !

“ An’t please your ——, what’s that to you ?

“ *You* buy the rascals wigs, indeed, fo nice !

“ It only gives encouragement to lice.

“ Marry come up, indeed, I fay—new wigs !

“ No—let them *suffer* for’t, the nasty pigs !

“ Lord ! they can well afford it—Sir, their hair

“ Costs (Heav’n protect us !) what would make you stare,

“ Hours

" Hours in the barber's hands, forsooth, they fit,
 " Reading the news-papers, and books of wit !
 " Just like our men of quality, forsooth,
 " Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth !
 " *Newmarket* now, and now the *Nation* studying,
 " In clouds of flour sufficient for a pudding.
 " Lord ! what extravagance I see and hear !
 " Unlike your Majesty, and Madam there,
 " Our GREAT consume and squander, fling away—
 " 'Tis rout and hubbub—spend, spend, night and day !
 " Such racketting, that people's peace destroys,
 " As if the world was only made for noise.
 " Would ev'ry Duchefs copy our good Queen,
 " More money in their purses would be seen ;
 F " Her

" Her —— to *things* can condescend,
 " Which our fine Quality, with nose an end,
 " Behold with *such* contempt, and *such* a grin,
 " As though a little saving was a fin!
 " Her ——, God bless her! does not scorn
 " To see a stocking and a shoe *well worn*;
 " To mend, or darn, or clean a lutestring gown,
 " So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.
 " Her —— at Frogmore*, day and night,
 " Can to their labour keep her Pupils tight;
 " See that to Milliners no trifle goes,
 " That may be done beneath her own great nose.

Her

* A Farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young women, the *Protégées* of Majesty, are constantly employed in working Beds, and very well know the meaning of the phrase—"Working one's fingers to the stumps."

“ Her —— can buy a hat, or cloak,

“ In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk* :

“ She will not be impos'd upon, she says—

“ O what a good example for *our* days !

“ When PRUDENCE dictates, lo, no pride she feels :

“ Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels,

“ Yes, —— could nobly pride renounce,

“ And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce* ;

“ 'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend to humble *crape*,

“ And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape* ;

“ Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,

“ And clean a tarnish'd spangled shoe with bread ;

“ A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,

“ And into pockets cut an upper coat ;

“ Cut

" Cut shifts to night-caps, satin cloaks to muffs,

" And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:

" Blest with the rarest economic wits,

" Transform an old silk stocking into *mits*;

" Transform too (so convertible are things !)

" E'en flannel petticoats to caps for — —.

" And then your — —, whom God long keep !

" How fond, indeed, of every thing that's *cheap* !

" 'Best is best cheap' — you very wisely cry ;

" And so, an't please your Majesty, say I.

" Lord bless us ! why should people spend and riot,

" When people can *so save* by living quiet ?

" Give to the *Poor*, forsooth ! a rare exploit !

" Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.

" To

“ To SAVING, every one should go to school—

“ To my mind, GENEROSITY's a fool.—

“ Give, Sir, no wigs to Cooks ; for, as I say,

“ 'Tis kindness and good money flung away.”

Thus ended AVARICE, at last, her speech,

With praise of —— and ——, and saving, rich.

Such words, deliver'd with a solemn air,

Gave to the —— of men's great eye a stare.

“ Right, right, 'tis very right,” the —— cries,

And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—

“ Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed!

“ I won't buy wigs for every nasty head ;

“ No, no, they'll save it, save it, as you say—

“ I won't, I won't, I won't fling pence away!”

G

Here

Here let us pause again, and think how hard
 That good intentions should be quickly marr'd !
 Ah ! GENEROSITY's a tender plant,
 Its root so weakly, and its bearings scant !
 SELF-LOVE, too near it, robs it of each ray,
 And thirsty sucks the rills of life away.
 Vile weed ! (like docks in coarsest soil which start)
 That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart.—
 “ Come, come, sit down,” the ——— deign'd to rave ;
 “ Cooks, Cooks, sit down—Come, Barbers, shave, shave,
 “ shave.
 “ Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and just—
 “ Indeed you must be shav'd—you must, you must :
 “ Cooks must not over their superiors tow'r—
 “ We must, must show the world that we have pow'r.”

Thus, by Ambition fir'd, the — ended

A speech to be transcended, but not mended.

What diff'rent roads to FAME, AMBITION takes !

What hubbub in this under-world she makes !

AMBITION, the Queen-passion of the soul !

Ev'n LOVE, sweet LOVE, indeed, has less controul.

AMBITION makes the *wife* a *fool* at Court ;

AMBITION drowns an Alderman in port ;

AMBITION spurs our GREAT in plays to spout—

Spurr'd SIR JOHN DICK to gain a star by *Croute* ;

Bade LADY MARY for a eunuch sigh,

And RICHMOND unto battles turn his eye,

To beam the cynosure of Bagshot wars,

And give POSTERITY a British Mars.

AMBITION

AMBITION bade four JOHNSON lick the throne,

And blink at ev'ry merit but his own ;

BOSWELL with praise a Hottentot besmear,

And give his country up to lead a Bear.

AMBITION bade SIR WILL make new, old jugs,

And bake an immortality in mugs :

Bade round the world the fam'd SIR JOSEPH float,

To kiss QUEEN OBEREA in the boat ;

And spurs him now his blood's last drop to shed,

In quest of butterflies without a head.

AMBITION nobly spurr'd the — of MEN

To walk through HERSCHELL's tube, and back agen ;

A deed whose lustre, ENVY must allow,

Deep plann'd at Windsor, and perform'd at *Slough !

AMBITION

* A village near Windsor, the residence of Dr. Herschell.

AMBITION spurr'd a MAN of royal birth,
 To humble MADAM SCHWELLENBERG to earth.
 Thus, to the gardens of imperial Kew,
 When MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, for health, withdrew,
 And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,
 Sweet ambling, jigging, on a Jackass rode ;
 Lo, ——— so fly, with stick and pin,
 Drove the sharp mischief through JACK's frighten'd skin !
 At once the beast, with sudden start and bound,
 Wild plunging, hurl'd the LADY to the ground ;
 Where, lo, *such things* appear'd (her legs I mean)
 As never ought by mortals to be seen ;
 Legs that ne'er saw, ye Gods ! the sun before !
Such legs ! as set GREAT CÆSAR in a roar.

AMBITION bids the man of ropes, or figs,
 Or fish, or brags, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,
 Sigh for the golden chain, and coach so fair;
 In short, to shine the City's fun—LORD MAY'R!
 Blest man! in pomp to visit at St. James,
 And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
 Devour with Nobles in th' Egyptian Hall,
 And trip it with a Duchess at the ball!
 Rich honours! but what pity my LORD MAY'R
 Should lose at length his chain and coach so fair,
 And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,
 And converse sweet of Lord, and Knight, and Squire,
 Sheriffs and Councilmen, and Common Hunt;
 To sweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt;

Bid *wax*, for *greasy mutton-lights*, adieu ;
 Drop wigs for nightcaps, robes for apron blue ;
 And quit of JUSTICE the celestial scales,
 To weigh cheefe, fugar, tallow, or hobnails !
 Instead of questions from the best of Kings,
 On *solid* matters, consequential things,
 To hear a raggamuffin in his shop—
 “ Soap, Master Guttle, quick, a pound of soap ! ”
 With such a careless, broad, irrev'rent stare,
 As though the chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r !—
 But so it is—poor MERIT oft complains !
 Blest is the mortal born with *Goose's* brains !
 What signifies the wisdom of the schools,
 If FORTUNE only will make love to *Fools* ?—

Now

Now to the Cooks, O wandering Muse, return ;
 For, lo, our readers with impatience burn !
 Aw'd by the voice of —, and —, and Page,
 And MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's relentless rage,
 Down sat the Cooks, amid a wond'ring host ;
 The Barbers labour'd, and the locks were lost !
 Thus when BURGOYNE, opposing all the fates,
 Defied, at Saratoga, GENERAL GATES ;
 Sudden the HERO dropp'd his threat'ning fist,
 And wisely deem'd it folly to resist ;
 Dropp'd in the VICTOR's arms (unlucky lot !)
 And saw his legions sink without a shot !—
 Speak, heav'nly Goddess ! was there then no fray,
 No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day ?

No

No fifty-duffs, no eyes as black as night,
 No cat-like scratches, no revengeful bite?—
 Nor fifty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,
 Nor cat-like scratches, nor revengeful bite,
 The Palace witness'd.—Thus the Muse divine
 Must close, without one drop of blood, the line;
 And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
 Perhaps shall, grumbling for their money, frown.
 What can we do, if FATE produc'd *no* fray?
 The Poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day—
 Should FALSEHOOD's tale my sacred song defile,
 Which damneth half th' historians of our Isle;
 How could I hold aloft my tuneful head,
 Or proudly hope at doomsday to be read;

The glowing wish of every Son of Rhime,
 To live a fav'rite to the end of time !
 Yet nought were easier than to form a fray,
 And bring a dozen Gods to aid the day—
 Yet nought were easier than to raise a battle—
 Make iron head-piece against head-piece rattle ;
 Nails nails oppose, and grinders grinders greet,
 Nose poke at nose, and stomachs stomachs meet ;
 Wild-rolling eye-balls against eye-balls glare ;
 The dusty floor be strew'd with teeth and hair ;
 Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs, load the ground ;
 The trembling roofs with mingled cries resound ;
 Legs of joint-stools, and chairs, their vengeance pour ;
 And blocks and mopsticks fly, a wooden show'r ;

Raise clamours equal to an Indian yell,
 Transcended only by the cries of hell ;
 And bid old EREBUS, in sulphur strong,
 Display his flaming cauldron in our song.

Proud of the *Shave*, the — of Nations smil'd ;
 Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild :
 But still, to show his *justice*, thus he said—
 “ Mind, mind me, Gentry with the shaven head :
 “ Know, know the Louse belongs to some of *you*—
 “ It is a Louse—it is —’tis very true :
 “ Yes, yes, belongs to some one of the house—
 “ I’ve read Bouffon—yes, yes, I know a louse.”
 A pill-box then he ope’d, with eager look,
 And show’d the Crawler, to convince each Cook.

The

The long-ear'd beast of BALAAM, lo, we find,
 Sharp to the beast that rode him, spoke his mind :
 The mournful *Xanthus (says the Bard of old),
 Of PELEUS' warlike son the fortune told :
 Thus to the captive Louse was language giv'n,
 Which proves what int'rest JUSTICE holds in Heav'n.
 The Vermin, rising on his little rump,
 Like ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,
 Thus, solemn as our Bishops, when they preach,
 Made, to the best of ——, his *maiden* speech :
 " Know, mighty ——, I was born and bred
 " Deep in the burrows of a Page's head ;
 " There took I sweet LOUSILLA unto wife,
 " My soul's delight—the comfort of my life :

" But,

* The horse of Achilles.

“ But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar’d invade

“ COWSLIP’s sweet lips, your faithful dairy-maid ;

“ Great was the struggle for the short-liv’d blifs ;

“ At length he won the long-contested kifs !—

“ When, ’mid the struggle, thus it came to pass ;

“ Down dropp’d my wife and I upon the lass ;

“ From whence we crawl’d (and who’s without ambition ?

“ Who does not wish to *better* his condition ?)

“ To *You*, dread Sir, where, lo, we lov’d and fed,

“ Charm’d with the fortune of a *greater* head ;

“ Where, safe from nail and comb, and blust’ring wind,

“ We nestled in your little lock behind ;

“ Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,

“ Heav’n, like a —’s, can bless a Louse’s loves ;

K

“ Where

" Where many a time, at Court, I've join'd your Grace,

" And with you gallop'd in the glorious chace ;

" LOUSILLA, too, my children, and my nits,

" Just frighten'd sometimes out of all their wits.

" It happen'd, Sir, ah ! luckless, luckless day !

" I foolish took it in my head to stray—

" How many a father, mother, daughter, son,

" Are oft by curiosity undone !

" Dire wish ! for, 'midst my travels, urg'd by FATE,

" From you, O —, I fell upon your plate !

" Sad was the precipice !—and now I'm here,

" Far from LOUSILLA and my children dear !

" Who now, poor souls ! in deepest mourning all,

" Groan for my presence, and lament my fall.

“ NITTILLA now, my eldest girl, with sighs
“ Bemoans her father lost, with streaming eyes ;
“ And GRUBBINETTA, with the loveliest mien,
“ In state, in temper, and in form a queen ;
“ And sturdy SNAP, my son, a child of grace,
“ His father’s image both in form and face ;
“ And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,
“ Boys that LOUSILLA’s soul was proud to hatch :
“ And little NIBBLE, too, my youngest son,
“ Will ask his mother where his father’s gone ;
“ Who (poor LOUSILLA !) only will reply
“ With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.
“ Thus, SIR, are you mistaken all this while,
“ And —— and Pages, that our race revile,

“ As

“ As though our species could not life adorn,

“ And that th’ ALMIGHTY made a louse in *scorn*.

“ Yet, if to Genealogy we go,

“ The LOUSE is of the *elder house*, I trow.

“ E’er God (so Moses* says) did man create,

“ Lo, our first parents walk’d the world in state.

“ Such is the hist’ry of your loyal LOUSE,

“ Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house :

“ Thus, Sir, you see no blame to Cooks belong ;

“ Thus ——, for *once*, is in the wrong !”

Thus, in the manly tones of Fox and Pitt,

To ——, intrepid, spoke the SON OF NIT :

Firm

* The Louse shows great biblical knowledge.

Firm in his language to the King of Wrath,
 As little DAVID to the MAN OF GATH;
 Ordain'd, in oratory, to surpass
 The speech—th' immortal speech of BAALAM's ass.

“ Lies ! lies ! lies ! lies ! ” reply'd the furious — :
 “ 'Tis no such thing ! no, no, 'tis no such thing ! ”
 Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
 His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE's scull :
 But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,
 And sudden bore him to a distant sphere ;
 In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
 Where BERENICE's locks adorn the sky ;
 But now he wish'd him nobler fame to share,
 And crawl for ever on BELINDA's hair :

L

Yet

Yet to the LOUSE was *greater* glory giv'n;
 To roll a *planet* on the splendid heav'n,
 And draw of deep astronomers the ken;
 The GEORGIUM SIDUS of the sons of men!!!

T H E E N D .